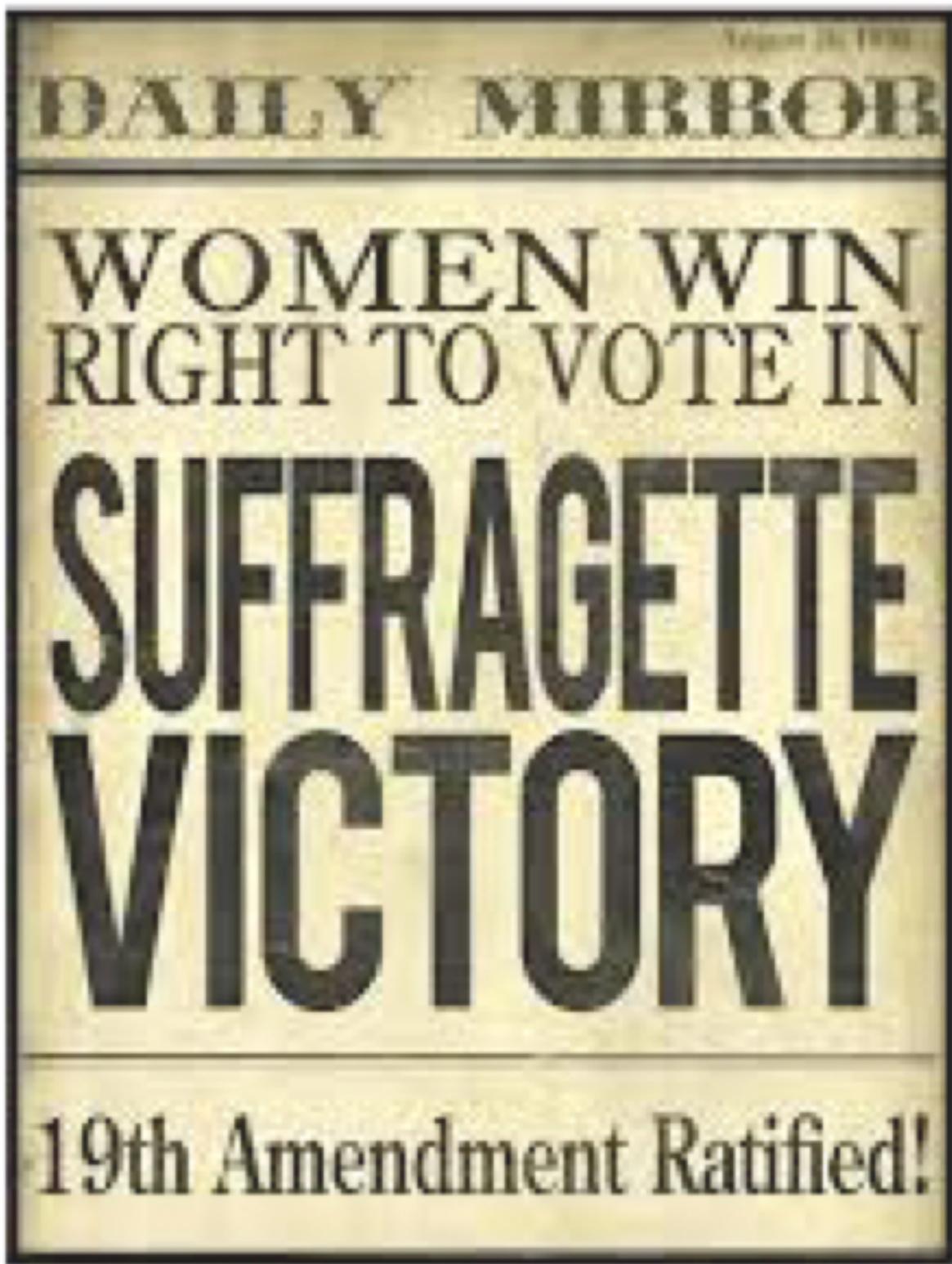


JOHN





Hannah Simpson Spencer – A Lady Ahead of Her Time

Marietta Holley – The North Country's Answer to the Women Problem

The Red Cross Motor Corp – Rochester, NY

Sarah Langley – American Veteran

Clara Barton & the Civil War

Frances Perkins – Madame Secretary

Sallie Holley & the Anti-Slavery Women

Fresh Flowers



Welcome to JOHN

It was a desire to mark the signing of the 19th Amendment 100 years ago. To my pleasure, all I had to do was to look back into previous issues of JOHN, where I had captured a few stories of Women who made a difference. It is with pride and appreciation to again present their stories in this special addition. JAH

My Grandmother, Mae Jacobson

This issue features 7 stories that appeared in previous issues of JOHN. Several names are easily recognized and some will be new to the reader, but their stories all have one thing in common.

These Women found success and attained their accomplishments by facing odds that sometimes caused many doubts and fears. And that their efforts would be diminished by the fact that a lot of the men around them hoped for failure or at least did not want to acknowledge their efforts. Many men thought that women could serve the family better by keeping house and raising children. Which in doing so, made them unqualified to Vote since all they did was clean house, cook and raise the kids.

Hope you will find joy in reading about these women, (famous or not) who made us all stand up and take notice of the things they were doing. JAH



Hannah Simpson Spencer

EVENING The Tribune

'A lady ahead of her time'

JASPER — A long lost obituary tucked away in a family Bible became a source of inspiration for women from Jasper, New York to New Mexico over the last year. Hannah Simpson Spencer, of Jasper had a lasting impact on her community that once was lost, but has been found again thanks to the dedicated work of a trans-national network of researchers. The history first came to light in the 1980s, when the mother of Christine Holley, of Rio Rancho, New Mexico, began researching the family's genealogy. "She would share with me, and I was not interested," she recalled. Holley picked up the deeply personal hobby in 2011 following her mother's death, and ran with it. "There was a copy of the obituary, and she had written on it 'Yes!, Yes!, a lady ahead of her time!" She went on to discover an impressive list of accomplishments Spencer racked up in her lifetime. She was one of the first female graduates from Alfred University in 1863; she went on to earn a license to practice medicine from the N.Y. Eye & Ear Infirmary (Mt Sinai). A diary Spencer kept in her time at Alfred University is now a part of the library's collection. "I tore through that, and got to know her even better," Holley said. "Things really started developing from there." Spencer came from a long line of people who shaped history and their communities. Her father was a store and temperance hotel owner, and her grandfather was a Revolutionary War veteran who helped found the first Masonic Lodge in Hornell. On top of her tireless work to further her education, Spencer raised six children. After her children were grown, she would open a sanatorium in Jasper, using electricity, baths and rest to help people recover from illness and stress. Spencer was the president of the Jasper Women Christian Temperance Union for 20 years, a member of the Woman's Missionary Society of the Canisteo River Baptist Association for 28 years, and a Girl Scout leader at the age of 70, according to her 1929 obituary. Spencer's former home, a modest dwelling where she did so much to help her community, still stands in Jasper.



Hannah Simpson Spencer was presented The DAR Women in American History Award in March of 2016 by the Kanestio Valley Chapter of the DAR, Bath, New York.

Her lifetime of accomplishments pushed Holley to inquire about nominating Spencer for a Daughters of the American Revolution Women in American History Award. However, nominators had to reside in the same state as the subject. "I was just devastated, because I just knew Hannah would win this," she said. Holley asked the Canisteo Valley chapter to take up Spencer's cause. They were honored to do so, and in March 2016, Hannah received some much deserved recognition. "It grew and grew into this amazing event where I flew out there, people flew out from other states, Daughters from Rochester came down, and three of Hannah's great-grandsons came from out of state, and I put on a presentation about Hannah and was presented the award," she said. Each fall, the Steuben County Historian's Office takes nominations for the county's Hall of Fame. The Hall of Fame was founded in 1976, and has honored people like Spencer ever since. This year, Spencer was a nominee. Holley swelled with pride at the news that the legislature recently approved the nomination this week "I'm extremely proud because of the time frame and the accomplishments she made ... she was such an outstanding lady for the time," she said. "She didn't take all this knowledge and just decided to raise as family. She served her community well into her 70s, accomplishing everything she set out to accomplish." A line from her obituary summed Spencer up well. "She was a mother of Israel, a woman of great ability and the highest character, and her works do follow her." They will follow her into the Hall of Fame, where she will take her place alongside 130 other members. A banquet to honor nominees will take place in Bath at a future date.

By Jason Jordan
The Evening Tribune

Marietta Holley: The North Country's Answer to the Women Question

Very pleased to hear that the Jefferson County Historical Society will mark the 100th anniversary of women's suffrage in NYS with the exhibit featuring Marietta Holley and others who used their talents to highlight gender inequalities. Over the last few years, I have come to know Marietta Holley through her many books and my tireless research into the Holley ancestry. My first encounter with "Josiah Allen's Wife" occurred at a yard sale in Johnson City, NY. The bag of books I bought contained "Samantha at Saratoga". This discovery of a possible relative started a journey that is probably in my eyes just as long as Samantha's journey through some 21 books "episodin' and allegorin'" in dealing with the issues personal and political that occupied the thinkers of the age. JAH



Marietta Holley (16 July 1836 – 1 March 1926), was an American humorist who used satire to comment on U.S. society and politics. Holley's writing was frequently compared to that of Mark Twain and Edgar Nye.

Holley was the youngest of Mary Tabor and John Milton's seven children. The family lived on a small farm in Jefferson County, New York.^[1] At 14 she ended her formal education in order to supplement the family income by giving piano lessons. At 17 she converted to the Baptist faith and joined the Adams Village Baptist Church. Her father died when she was 25, and Holley took charge of the farm and care of her sick mother and sister. After she became a successful novelist, she built a mansion called "Bonnie View" near her family's home in Pierrepont. Holley never married. She died in 1926 at age 89.

Holley enjoyed a prolific writing career and was a bestselling author in the late 19th century, though she was largely forgotten by the time of her death. Her first poems were published locally in the *Adams Journal*, which led to successes in more prominent periodicals such as *Peterson's Magazine*. In 1872, her first novel, *My Opinions and Betsey Bobbet's*, was released by the American Publishing Company. She wrote over 25 books, including one collection of poems, two dramas and one long poem, between 1873 and 1914. Among her novels was a 10-book series that detailed the travels and married life of Samantha and Josiah Allen as they journey outside Samantha's rural hometown, which was similar to Holley's own. Holley herself spent most of her life close to her family's farm; aside from Saratoga and Coney Island, she never actually visited the places to which she sent her fictional protagonists; she instead depended on maps, guidebooks, and descriptions for the necessary details.

Marietta Holley brings over 100 Vistors into the JCHS Museum

In honor of the 100th Anniversary of women's suffrage in NYS, the JCHS worked with the American Association of University Women and WPBS - DT to celebrate the suffragette, author, and famed American humorist: Marietta Holley (1836 - 1926) on March 21st. Often referred to as the female Mark Twain, Holley sold millions of novels that used humor and wit to highlight gender inequalities.

Local journalist, historian and performance artist, Felicity Hallanan, led the evening with a series of readings across Marietta Holley's works; bringing to life the feeling of an era when the debate over women's suffrage was a hot topic of conversation.

Following Hallanan's well executed and comedic performance was a series of Betsy Bobbit readings performed by members of the crowd. "Holley's works are really meant to be read aloud, as you can actually appreciate how truly humorous, if not corny, the dialect is," says Ms. Hallanan.

The event brought in a whopping 103 visitors, who enjoyed a Victorian tea styled layout of chicken and egg salad along with Devonshire cream and scones.

The exhibit will continue to be on display at the Museum though June.

A special shout out is in order for the fine work that Jordan B. Walker, Executive Director of the Museum did to complete this really cool display.



Red Cross Motor Corp



The Motor Corps of the Red Cross was originally organized in 1918 during WWI, primarily to render supplementary aid to the Army & Navy, particularly by removing sick & wounded men from ships & trains to hospitals & homes.

In WWII, nationally, the Motor Corps was almost entirely made up of women who clocked over 61 million miles answering nine million calls to transport the sick and wounded, deliver supplies, and take volunteers and nurses to and from their posts. In all, nearly 45,000 women served in the Motor Corps during World War II. Many completed the training in auto mechanics in order to be able to make automotive repairs on their own.

My aunt, Helene Trax, was working in Rochester, NY during the 1940s. When America went to war, she signed up with the Red Cross Motor Corps as a volunteer driver.

Back then, Rochester was known as the "imaging capital of America" because it was home to industries and universities that specialized in optical science- technologies that had become an integral part to the war effort. Parts of the Norden bomb sight used in many Allied planes, along with the radio delay fuse and other components used by the military, were all manufactured in Rochester, NY.

In addition to her job at Eastman Kodak Co., my aunt was called on to transport military or civilian personnel from the airport or railroad station to these companies as well as to area hospitals.

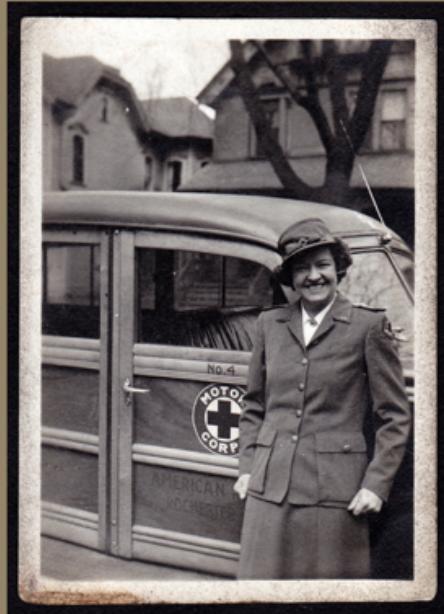
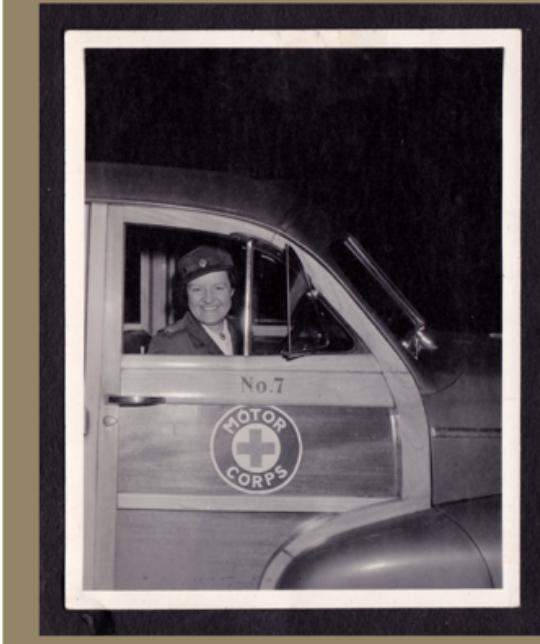
Volunteer drivers were required to attend classes in automotive mechanics. I remember Aunt Helene saying that although she KNEW how to change a tire, she was delighted that she never had to do so. But she almost flunked the carburetor course! She also recalled that sometimes you were told who you were driving, but sometimes not. If not, you didn't ask, you just drove. She spoke of blackouts and possible sabotage threats as some of the Rochester facilities were vital to the War effort.



Helene B. Trax

Red Cross Motor Corp

**Rochester, NY
1942**



In addition to the Motor Corp, Helene B. Trax and Christine's Mother, Betsy Trax were actively engaged in the **Bundles For Britain** movement. Christine still has the knitting instructions for mittens Helene and Betsy used in knitting many pairs of mittens for the **Bundles for Britain** program.

Bundles for Britain was started in 1940 by Mrs. Latham as a knitting circle in a store front in New York City. Knitted goods—socks, gloves, hats, sweaters, and scarves—were made and shipped to Britain.

Within Sixteen months, Latham expanded Bundles into an organization with 975 branches and almost a million contributors, and by the spring of 1941, it had delivered 40,000 sleeveless sweaters, 10,000 sweaters with sleeves, 30,000 scarves, 18,000 pairs of sea boot stockings, 50,000 pairs of socks, and 8,000 caps. By 1941, moreover, Bundles had also shipped ambulances, surgical instruments, medicines, cots, blankets, field-kitchen units, and operating tables, along with used clothing of all sorts. The total value of goods shipped reached \$1,500,000; another \$1,000,000 was raised in cash.





Sarah Langley

*Past District Commander
of AMVET in NM is
currently, National
Executive Committee
person for AMVETS
(American Veterans).*

Sarah Langley and her sister joined the Army in 1961 in Kansas City, Mo, staying in until 1965.

When her husband retired from the Army in 1971, they moved to Albuquerque. Joining AMVETS Post 7 in 1985, she started helping with the ROTC program in 1991. The Post presents between 40 to 45 JROTC/ROTC medals and certificates every year at 22 high schools and UMN. Sarah usually presents at approximately 15 -17 schools herself and drives as far as 80 miles to Grants, NM to present.

Sarah Langley receives award from NMDAR Charles Dibrell Chapter, Chaplain Christine Holley

Madam Regent, Madam State Regent & guests, today I'm pleased & honored to present a "Women in American History Award" to a lady I met about 5 yrs. ago.



Back in the spring of 2012, Meg asked me if I would like to present a JrROTC award at the Cleveland High School in Rio Rancho. Being new & willing, I said, "Sure, no problem!" I arrived at the school a bit nervous – not knowing what exactly to do, but a lovely, sweet lady was there who calmed my nerves & said, "Oh, no problem you just"

Many of you are probably used to seeing her at the various schools when you present your DAR awards. Every year at ROTC awards time, she is always there, no matter what school I go to - I'm no longer nervous, but I'm always happy to see her! I'd like to share with you a little background on my nomination for this Woman In American History Award, for Sarah A. Langley:

Sarah is the Past District Commander of AMVETS or the American Veterans, organization in New Mexico & is currently the National Executive Committee person for AMVETS. She & her sister joined the Army in 1961 in Kansas City, Mo. staying in until 1965. She got married & when her husband retired from the Army in 1971, they moved to Albuquerque. She joined the AMVET Post #7 in 1985. This group presents between 40 to 45 ROTC medals & certificates every year at 22 area high schools & UNM. Sarah usually presents at approximately 15 – 17 schools herself & has traveled as far as 80 miles to Grants, NM to present. Every year when I see her, I am always amazed at Sarah's energy & dedication in recognizing these students in the ROTC programs.

Sarah, it is my pleasure to present to you, on behalf of the Charles Dibrell Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution, this Women In American History award for your service to this country & to the young students of our area ROTC Programs. Thank you for your service and congratulations!

On Jan.24, 2018, Christine Holley presented a Women In American History Award from the Charles Dibrell, DAR Chapter to a lovely lady (Army Veteran) Sarah Langley for the work she does for our area JROTC / ROTC programs in the Albuquerque area. She in turn presented Christine with this beautiful Challenge Coin!
Thank you Sarah for such a beautiful & meaningful gift!!



Clara Barton was born on December 25, 1821, in North Oxford, Massachusetts. Her father was Captain Stephen Barton, a member of the local militia and a selectman who inspired his daughter with patriotism and a broad humanitarian interest. He was a soldier under the command of General Anthony Wayne in his crusade against the Indians in the northwest. He was also the leader of progressive thought in the Oxford village area. Barton's mother was Sarah Stone Barton.

When she was three years old, Barton was sent to school with her brother Stephen, where she excelled in reading and spelling. At school, she became close friends with Nancy Fitts; she is the only known friend Barton had as a child due to her extreme timidity.

When Barton was ten years old, she assigned herself the task of nursing her brother David back to health after he fell from the roof of a barn and received a severe injury. She learned how to distribute the prescribed medication to her brother, as well as how to place leeches on his body to bleed him (a standard treatment at this time). She continued to care for David long after doctors had given up. He made a full recovery.

Her parents tried to help cure her timidity by enrolling her to Colonel Stones High School, but their strategy turned out to be a catastrophe. Barton became more timid and depressed and would not eat. She was brought back home to regain her health.

Upon her return, her family relocated to help a family member: a paternal cousin of Clara's had died and left his wife with four children and a farm. The house that the Barton family was to live in needed to be painted and repaired. Barton was persistent in offering assistance, much to the gratitude of her family. After the work was done, Barton was at a loss because she had nothing else to help with, to not feel like a burden to her family.

She began to play with her male cousins and, to their surprise, she was good at keeping up with such activities as horseback riding. It was not until after she had injured herself that Barton's mother began to question her playing with the boys. Barton's mother decided she should focus on more feminine skills. She invited one of Clara's female cousins over to help develop her femininity. From her cousin, she gained proper social skills as well.



To assist Barton with overcoming her shyness, her parents persuaded her to become a schoolteacher. She achieved her first teacher's certificate in 1839, at only 17 years old. This profession interested Barton greatly and helped motivate her; she ended up conducting an effective redistricting campaign that allowed the children of workers to receive an education. Successful projects such as this gave Barton the confidence needed when she demanded equal pay for teaching. Barton became an educator in 1838 for 12 years in schools in Canada and West Georgia. Barton fared well as a teacher and knew how to handle rambunctious children, particularly the boys, since as a child she enjoyed her male cousins' and brothers' company. She learned how to act like them, making it easier for her to relate to & control the boys in her classroom since they respected her. After her mother's death in 1851, the family home closed down. Barton decided to further her education by pursuing writing and languages at the Clinton Liberal Institute in New York. In this college town, she developed many friendships that broadened her point of view on many issues concurring at the time. The principal of the institute recognized her tremendous abilities and admired her work. This friendship lasted for many years, eventually turning into a romance. As a writer, her terminology was pristine and easy to understand. Her writings and bodies of work could instruct the local statesmen. In 1852, she was contracted to open a free school in Bordentown, which was the first ever free school in New Jersey. She was successful, and after a year she had hired another woman to help teach over 600 people. Both women were making \$250 a year. This accomplishment compelled the town to raise nearly \$4,000 for a new school building. Once completed, though, Barton was replaced as principal by a man elected by the school board. They saw the position as head of a large institution to be unfitting for a woman. She was demoted to "female assistant" and worked in a harsh environment until she had a nervous breakdown along with other health ailments, and quit.

In 1855, she moved to Washington D.C. and began work as a clerk in the US Patent Office. This was the first time a woman had received a substantial clerkship in the federal government and at a salary equal to a man's salary. Clara always claimed that she was the first female copyist to work "regularly" and to draw a salary under her own name, and that she was something of a pioneer.



Because she earned the same pay as men of her rank, Clara's male co-workers felt threatened. When she came to her desk in the morning, they glared at her and whistled at her and stooped to taunts and catcalls. They also spread vicious rumors about her character. Such behavior got her "Yankee blood" up and she refused to quit. Clara was also lucky to have the Patent Office Commissioner, Charles Mason, a fair man relatively free of sexual prejudice. He took her side and when one malcontent male co-worker complained to him about Clara's "moral character" and insisted that she be fired, the commissioner demanded proof by five o'clock that afternoon. "But understand," Mason said, "things will not remain just as they are in this office. If you prove this charge Miss Barton goes; if you fail to prove it, you go." When the deadline passed without proof, the man went. And that put a stop to the harassment of Clara. Clara lost her lucrative post in 1857 when the Democratic, pro-southern Buchanan administration released her because of her political sentiments. She boldly declared herself a Republican. She returned to Massachusetts and drifted aimlessly for three depressing years. After the election of Abraham Lincoln, she returned to the patent office in the autumn of 1861, now as temporary copyist, in the hope she could make way for more women in government service. When, with the outbreak of war, the Patent Office found itself short of funds and had to lay off employees. Clara was not one of them because she had impressed and befriended the new Republican commissioner, D.P. Holloway. Clara also nurtured the support of the entire Massachusetts congressional delegation, including Senators Charles Sumner and Henry Wilson. With their support, Clara began the journey of a lifetime of helping soldiers and anyone else needing such support.

Lincoln had called on Congress to convene on Independence Day. With the Republicans taking over both houses and the chairmanships of all the important committees, Senator Henry Wilson (who had become a close friend of Clara) would be named as the chair of the powerful Committee on Military Affairs. Clara was sure that he could help her find a way to serve her country in the impending war. As huge troop buildups occurred in Washington, Clara found that critical shortages of supplies and medical stores gave her a real opportunity to do something for the cause. If she could not be a soldier, she could at least do her part to help the soldiers. She became a one-women relief agency, cooking food and buying stores out of her own salary and distributing them to the military hospitals and the hilltop encampments. Clara still felt she wasn't doing enough. When she heard that "the boys" were suffering, she wanted to go directly to battlefields and nurse the wounded.

How she did that is part of her continuing story to be covered in **Part II**.

Clara Goes to War



As huge troop buildups occurred in Washington, Clara found that critical shortages of supplies and medical stores gave her a real opportunity to do something for the cause. If she could not be a soldier, she could at least do her part to help the soldiers. She became a one-women relief agency, cooking food and buying stores out of her own salary and distributing them to the military hospitals and the hilltop encampments. Clara still felt she wasn't doing enough. When she heard that "the boys" were suffering, she wanted to go directly to battlefields and nurse the wounded. Getting the supplies to the soldiers was easier said than done. Clara wanted to deliver the supplies herself, but was apprehensive how the soldiers would treat her. After all, there were names for the women that hung around camp ... and not nice names. After much soul searching, and even more permission searching, Clara had gathered both the permission and resolve to deliver supplies to the troops at the field hospitals set up outside the Battle of Cedar Mountain. She arrived at the camp and immediately got to work. She worked for days on end, without rest, then collapsed with exhaustion when she returned home. Throughout the war, Clara continued this pattern: collect supplies, visit field hospitals (and later on the battlefields themselves) and work fervently, then collapse, exhausted, ill, and at times depressed.



The battle at Cedar Mountain,
by Currier and Ives

Following the battle of Cedar Mountain in northern Virginia, she appeared at a field hospital at midnight with a wagonload of supplies drawn by a four-mule team. The surgeon on duty later wrote: "I thought that night if heaven ever sent out a[n]... angel, she must be one - her assistance was so timely." Thereafter she was known as the "Angel of the Battlefield."

Throughout the war, Barton and her supply wagons traveled with the Union army, giving aid to Union casualties and Confederate prisoners - at the Second Battle of Bull Run, Chantilly, Harper's Ferry and South Mountain. Transportation was provided by the army quartermaster but most of the supplies were purchased with donations solicited by Barton or by her own funds.

At Antietam

Barton was never satisfied with remaining with medical units at the rear of the column - hours or even days away from a fight. At the bloody Battle of Antietam (September 1862), she ordered the drivers of her supply wagons to follow the cannon and traveled all night. By the time of her arrival at about noon on September 17, surgeons had run out of bandages, and were trying to wrap soldiers' wounds with corn husks.

Barton brought up her three army wagons loaded with bandages and other medical supplies. and organized able-bodied men to perform first aid, carry water and prepare food for the wounded. While the battle raged, she and her helpers brought relief and hope to soldiers on the field. In the face of danger. As bullets whizzed overhead and artillery boomed in the distance, Barton cradled the heads of suffering soldiers. When darkness fell, she set up lanterns, also from her supply wagons, which enabled the army's medical personnel to work through the night.

"It was a miserable night, There was a sense of impending doom. We knew, everyone knew, that two great armies of 80,000 men were lying there face to face, only waiting for dawn to begin the battle."

Clara Barton writing about the night before the battle of Antietam.

The Battle of Antietam, also known as the Battle of Sharpsburg, particularly in the Southern United States, was a battle fought on September 17, 1862, between Confederate General Robert E. Lee's Army of Northern Virginia and Union General George B. McClellan's Army of the Potomac. It was the bloodiest day in United States history, with a combined tally of 22,717 dead, wounded, or missing.

At Fredericksburg

In December 1862, Clara Barton cared for the wounded from the Battle of Fredericksburg at the Lacy House (also known as Chatham). She again brought supplies and was assigned a room in the house where on December 11 she watched the bombardment of the town from the second floor. As wounded men were brought into the house, she comforted soldiers from both sides. She recorded some of her experiences there in her diary. She spent most of the following day at the Lacy House which had become a hospital for the Union II Corps. Since the doctors were too busy to keep medical records during battle, she wrote in her diary the names of the men who died at Chatham and where they were buried. The heaviest fighting of the battle occurred on December 13, and she spent most of that day in Fredericksburg, surrounded by thousands of wounded Union soldiers. Returning to Chatham, she spent the next two weeks there, where the wounded occupied every room of the house and "covered every foot of the floors and porticos." She wrote that they lay on the shelves of a cupboard, the stair landings and a man "thought himself rich" if he laid under a table where he would not be stepped on.

Still the 12,000 square-foot building did not contain enough space to hold all the wounded of the II Corps. Many were placed on blankets in the muddy yard, where Barton set up a soup kitchen in a tent to help these wounded soldiers, as they shivered in the cold December air, waiting for someone inside to die and make room for them.

The Battle of Fredericksburg, fought December 13, 1862, was a major Confederate victory and one of the most lopsided defeats of the Civil War for Union forces. The battle had over 18,000 casualties.

*I don't know how long it has been since my ear has been free from
the roll of a drum. It is the music I sleep by and I love it.
Clara Barton, December, 1862.*

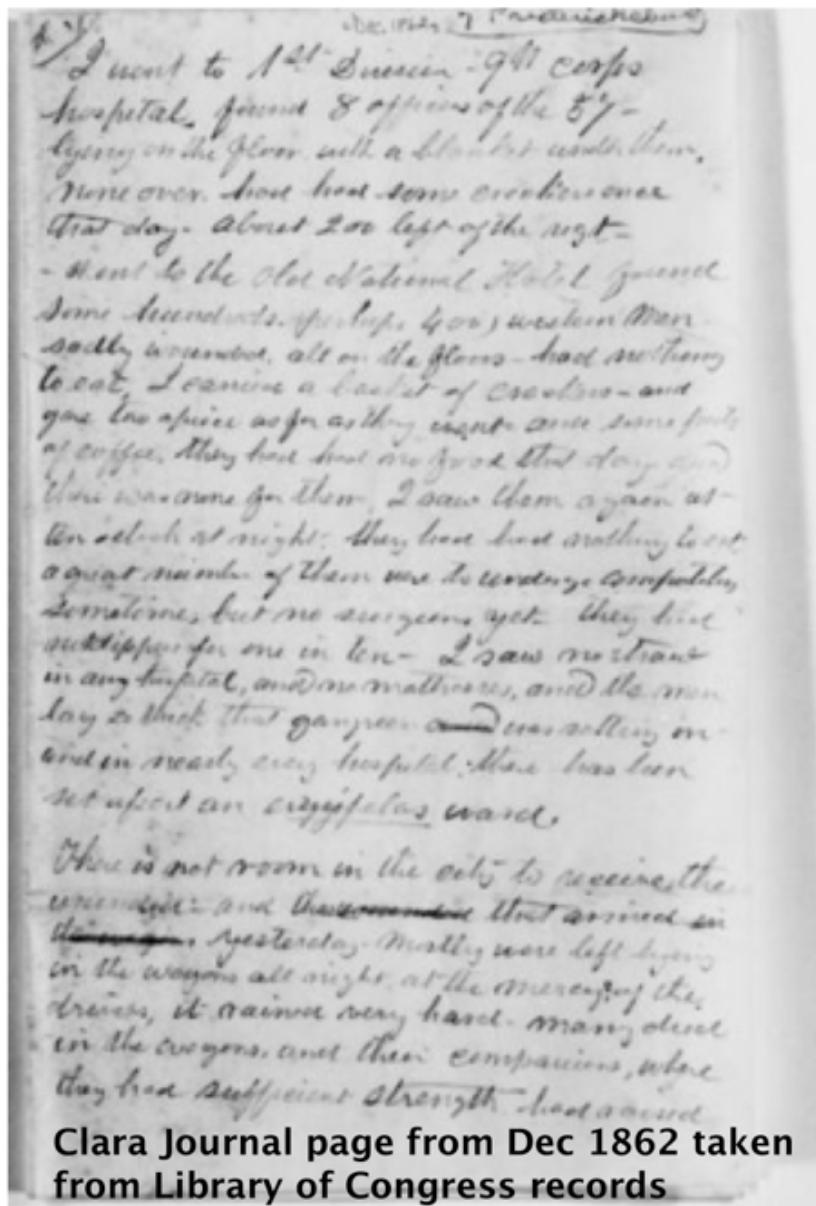
In PART III, look for some direct references about Clara's service in providing care and comfort to so many wounded soldiers during her time in the battles as she, herself, recorded them. Some are quite chilling and speak to the untold bravery of so many common men, who give what they could to the cause.

Clara Barton & the Civil War

As we come to the end of Clara's story, many readers might think that this three part series was an easy task. In fact, it was not; but in a good sense. Housed at the Library of Congress, in digital form is the papers of nurse, educator, philanthropist, and lecturer Clara Barton (1821-1912) consisting of 62,000 items (81,608 images), most of which were digitized from 123 reels of previously produced microfilm. Spanning the years 1805-1958, with the bulk dating from 1861 to 1912, the collection contains correspondence, diaries and journals, reports, addresses, legal and financial papers, organizational records, lectures, writings, scrapbooks, biographical material, printed matter, memorabilia, and other papers. For me, it became a search for some reference or work that was completed prior to my three part series. As luck would have it, I was able to secure a copy of Stephen B. Oates "A Women of Valor" published by The Free Press in 1994, New York. Between the papers online at the Library of Congress and the Stephen Oates book, my quest to capture some of the history of Clara Barton became much easier.

Part III covers Clara's work with the **Andersonville and Belle Isle - Camp Parole** environment as the Civil War comes to a close.

But before this amazing story of her devotion to finding every last missing soldier, I wanted to share a couple of events that Clara herself tracked in her notes. They probably didn't mean much at the time as she had the habit of recording most of her life events, so these two incidents probably did not ring out to loudly to Clara. After all she was a devoted and very busy person helping out as much as she could, both physically and mentally.



Clara & the "new"drivers

By mid-October, Clara was ready to rejoin the Army of the Potomac, still encamped on the Antietam battlefield. Anticipating her needs, Colonel Rucker sent her a message: "They will fight again. Can you go-and what transportation do you want?" Clara replied: "Yes I can go, and I want 3 six mule army wagons with good drivers." In a display of confidence, Rucker furnished her *four* army wagons and a four wheel ambulance, plus five men to drive them, including the ambulance driver who had conveyed her around Alexandria. The four teamsters assigned to the wagons, Clara noted, were stout, rough men who had served throughout the Peninsula Campaign. With Welles and Clara's nephew Sam, who would go along as her assistants, they set to work loading the wagons with the biggest quantity of supplies Clara would take to the army thus far. Among the boxes was a supply of fine liquor donated by the surgeon general himself.

On October 21, Clara's wagon train set out on the road to Antietam "in the sun and dust" of a hot afternoon. Right away her four new drivers caused trouble. Indignant that they had been put in the charge of "a lady," they challenged her authority, pulling over for the night at four in the afternoon. Clara singled out their leader, George, a gnarled man with coal-black hair and eyes, and insisted that they push on until after dark. George consulted with the others, who cracked their whips "as a kind of safety valve to their smothered indignation," Clara said. Grumbling, they drew their teams back onto the road. But to annoy her, they perversely drove long past sundown, ignoring her repeated orders to stop. At nine that night, weary of their fun, they finally turned into a dark field to make camp.

Clara resolved to shame them with kindness. With the help of her ambulance driver, James, she made a fire of fence rails and then prepared coffee and supper, which she laid out neatly on a cloth on the ground, and had James fetch the men . Slowly, a little sheepishly, they took the places Clara assigned them. Then she sat down and politely ate and talked with them as if nothing had happened. The men were stunned. Later, after she had cleaned the dishes and was sitting by the dying fire, they approached her and stood "with the red glare of the embers lighting up their brown hard faces" while George spoke for them .

"We come to tell you that we're ashamed of ourselves," he said with difficulty. "We never seen a train under charge of a woman afore, and we couldn't understand it, and we didn't like it, and we thought we'd break it up, and we've been mean and contrary all day, and said a good many hard things, and you've treated us like gentlemen. We hadn't no right to expect that supper from you," he went on, "and it makes us ashamed, and we've come to ask your forgiveness." He promised they would not give her any more trouble. As for her being a woman., they would "get accustomed to that."

Clara assured them that she had no hard feelings, that as long as she had food, she would share it with them, that if they were sick, she would nurse them, and that at all times, she would treat them as gentlemen. "When I saw the rough woolen coat sleeves drawing across their faces," she said later, "it was one of the best moments of my life."

When she was ready to sleep, George hung a lighted lantern from the top of her ambulance, arranged a few blankets inside for her bed, helped her up the steps, and buckled the canvas down on the outside. When she awoke at daybreak the next morning, she smelled the aroma of burning chestnut rails and boiling coffee. George greeted her with a bucket of fresh water and announced that "breakfast was ready." She never had to cook for the men again.

"Hero of four words"

The battle for Fredericksburg raged around Clara until seven o'clock that evening, Clara spent much of the next day in the Lacy House, which the Second Corps medical director designated as a branch hospital for his corps. Here she nursed "the sadly wounded of the brave Michigan 7th" and others who had fallen in battle the day before. Aware of how difficult it was to maintain accurate medical records during a campaign, Clara tried to keep track of the men who died in the Lacy House, scribbling hasty notes in her pocket diary as to the manner and time of their deaths, their units, and where they were buried. No man was going to end up in an unknown grave and lost to his grieving family if she could help it. She even recorded the vital details of a wounded rebel prisoner: "Capt. Thomas Wm. Thurman Co. D 13 Miss. Decatur Miss. leg amputated. Parents in Georgia. 23 yrs. old."

Of all the young men in the Lacy House that day, none impressed her like Wiley Faulkner of the Seventh Michigan. Shot through the lungs in the boat crossing and apparently dying, he sat in a corner, propped up against the wall; it hurt him too much to lie down. He told her his name and residence with great difficulty, and she stopped now and then to see how he was. He couldn't swallow anything and breathed so painfully that she feared he would die at any moment. When the stretcher-bearers tried to remove him so as to make room for more wounded from the town, he refused to budge and clung to his pitiful spot in the corner.

In her "campaign diary," Clara carefully noted to which hospitals the "men of Lacy House" had been taken. Many of them were at Lincoln Hospital, one of the modern pavilion designs that had largely replaced the dilapidated, improvised hospitals of 1861.

One day a message came to her from Lincoln Hospital, saying that the men of Ward 17 wanted to see her. When she arrived there, seventy wounded soldiers saluted her, some standing, others rising feebly from their beds, and gave her three rousing cheers. All of them had left their blood at Fredericksburg, all had been at the Lacy House, all had been bandaged and fed by Clara's hand, and all loved her. To them "Miss Barton" was the outstanding nurse of the war, and their hurrahs moved her to her depths. Then a young man with a bright complexion came forward. "I am Wiley Faulkner of the 7th Michigan," he said. "I didn't die and the milk punch lasted all the way to Washington."

Not long after that, as she sat in her room contending with a mass of accumulated correspondence, Clara heard a limping footstep in the hallway and then a rap at her door. When she opened it, she was surprised to see a young man leaning on his crutch. It was her "hero of the four words," who said again, "You saved my life."

Andersonville and Belle Isle - Camp Parole

"The prospects of a speedy peace either in the conquest or the submission of the South has never been so cheering," the *New York Herald* triumphantly declared on January 1, 1865. To delay its imminent defeat, the Confederacy reestablished the practice of prisoner exchange in early 1865. A result of the resumed exchanges was thousands of emaciated and desperately ill former Union prisoners from infamous camps like Andersonville and Belle Isle began arriving at a designated drop-off point known as Camp Parole, near Annapolis, Maryland.

At the beginning of 1865, Clara Barton had returned to Washington to nurse her brother Stephen and nephew Irving Vassall who had both fallen ill. While Barton was in Washington, Vassall, a government employee, had heard news that exchanged Union prisoners were returning in poor condition and that the government needed help notifying the relatives of those who were missing or had died in captivity. Vassall relayed the information to Barton in the hope that she might be able to offer assistance. Barton empathized deeply with families suffering loss, because she would eventually lose both Stephen and Irving that same spring.

In February 1865, Barton wrote to President Abraham Lincoln in pursuit of permission to become an official government correspondent seeking those who had vanished during the conflict. In an effort to capture the attention of a man besieged by correspondence, she wrote her letter in exceedingly grandiose script:

*To his Excellency Abraham Lincoln President of the United States
Sir, I most respectfully solicit your authority and endorsement to allow me to act temporarily as general correspondent at Annapolis Maryland, having in view the reception and answering of letters from the friends of our prisoners now being exchanged.*

It will be my object also to obtain and furnish all possible information in regard to those that have died during their confinement.

On March 24, 1865, Barton received the sanction of the president to go to Annapolis in an official capacity. Her job would be to list the names of those who died in captivity and notify their families.

Word quickly spread around the nation about Barton's appointment to look for missing soldiers through the newspapers. Even by 1865, Barton had developed a reputation as a friend of the soldier. She often traveled to battlefields to help the sick and wounded, so loved ones occasionally sent her letters inquiring if she had seen their relatives. Barton's official appointment meant she received thousands of letters (sometimes as many as 150 a day) from concerned relatives, primarily women, looking for loved ones.

At Annapolis, Barton witnessed chaos as thousands of emaciated former prisoners disembarked from the vessels that carried them to freedom from Confederate prisons. As the weakened men struggled from the ships, Barton noted that inconsistent record-keeping made it almost impossible to know who had been left behind in the graveyards at the prisons. In lieu of official reports, Barton turned to the best source of information she had on-hand: the soldiers themselves. She implored the returning soldiers to tell her about their comrades who did not make the return journey.

To meet the astonishing demand of letters, Barton hired a few assistants with her own money, expecting the government would eventually reimburse her. Barton and her small team were able to keep up with the overwhelming rate of incoming inquiries with form letters. A few well-placed blank lines allowed Barton to respond more efficiently to the many concerned writers. "Your communication of _____ is received, and the name of _____ placed upon my lists. It will be my earnest endeavor to bring these lists to the notice of returned soldiers everywhere. Be assured that as soon as any information of interest to you is gained, it will be promptly forwarded."

Barton refused to take money from those desperately searching for lost relatives. She even refused donations as little as one dollar on a matter of principle.

Gradually she compiled a master list of soldiers who had disappeared during the Civil War. In June 1865, she published the first "Roll of Missing Men" which listed 1,533 names. By the conclusion of her work in 1868, five separate rolls were published containing 6,650 names. These lists organized the names by state, and contained instructions for anyone, with knowledge of these men's whereabouts to write to her. President Andrew Johnson allowed Barton to use the larger government printing press to publish the Rolls of Missing Men, a task that would have been prohibitively expensive otherwise.

Barton explained to one concerned writer how she curated the names on her Rolls of Missing Men: "The appearance of a man's name upon my roll is simply evidence that some friend is asking for him...and the non-appearance signifies that he has not been inquired for or there has not been time to get his name upon a roll."

After Camp Parole closed, Barton decided to continue searching for missing soldiers. A meeting with Dorence Atwater in June 1865 propelled her mission to new heights. Atwater kept a hidden and detailed list of those who died at the notorious Andersonville Prison during his time in captivity there. After seeing the first Roll of Missing Men, he decided to contact Barton to offer his help. Atwater's information enabled an expedition, which included Barton, to go to Andersonville, identify the graves of 13,000 missing soldiers and notify the families. The team eventually established a national cemetery at the location of the prison. The whole process lasted through the middle of August.

Clara Barton and Dorance Atwater



As a part of the Andersonville team, Barton played a significant role in bringing closure to thousands of families, but she was unsure how much longer she could continue to search for missing men without extra money as her personal funds were beginning to run dry. It was not until early 1866 with the assistance of her friend Francis Dana Barker Gage that Barton was able to raise money to continue her work. Gage wrote several pleas for Barton in the *New York Independent* soliciting money for her noble cause. Gage also helped Barton draft a petition to send to Congress. After much deliberation, Congress elected to grant her \$15,000 as a reimbursement for her previous efforts and to keep the mission going. With that boost, Barton was able to continue the work of the Missing Soldiers Office through the end of 1868.

In her final report to Congress, Barton presented some amazing numbers. In four years the Missing Soldiers Office “had received 63,182 inquiries, written 41,855 letters, mailed 58,693 printed circulars, distributed 99,057 copies of her printed rolls, and identified 22,000 men.”

As someone who had seen and helped to ease so much physical trauma on Civil War battlefields, Barton recognized how important the work of finding missing men was to soothe the minds of loved ones at home. Barton herself tried to describe the inspiration that kept her moving in spite of challenging circumstances in a letter to a benefactor:

If it has been my privilege to lighten never so little the heavy burden of grief which has been laid upon the hearts of our suffering people, or throw the feeble weight of my arm on the side of my country in her hour of trial, if I have made one heart stronger, or one war less bitter, I regard it as a blessing forever beyond my power to express. And whatever yet remains to be done, or however weary I may become even in well doing, my soul will always be lifted up, my hands strengthened, my step quickened, and the miles shortened by the reflection that the hearts of good men and women are with me in my work; that I carry their respect and approval, and that their generous consideration is helping me on to its accomplishment. CB

Frances Perkins

Frances Perkins was born on April 10, 1882, in Boston, Massachusetts, of an upper middle-class Republican family. Her birth name was Fanny Coralie, which she later legally changed to Frances. When she was two years old the family relocated to Worcester, Massachusetts, where her father opened a profitable stationery business. She spent her childhood there. Her parents, both devoted Congregationalists, instilled in Frances a strong desire to **"live for God and to accomplish something in life."** Frances enrolled in the predominately male Worcester Classical High School. Trained as a teacher, she taught at numerous universities and authored two books. She is best described as a woman with a mission. Not a single-issue person, Perkins was prone to women's causes and she highly valued individual liberty. Taking part in the women's suffrage movement, marching in suffrage parades and giving street-corner speeches became her *modus operandi*. It was in the summer of 1909 that Perkins decided to move to New York City to survey the living and working conditions there, and pursue her education at Columbia University. There she earned a master's degree in economics and sociology in 1910. In the same year, she became head of the National Consumer's League (NCL) where she lobbied for better working hours and improved working conditions. She served for the following two years as secretary. During that time, she successfully lobbied the state legislature for a bill to limit the workweek to 54 hours for both women and children.



A young Frances Perkins



A sad day for Perkins came in 1911, when she and numerous others witnessed 146 female factory workers jumping to their deaths in the Triangle Shirtwaist Fire — the building they worked in lacked fire escapes. She said it was "a never-to-be-forgotten reminder of why I had to spend my life fighting conditions that could permit such a tragedy."

Frances Perkins was visiting friends at Washington Square in the late afternoon of March 25, 1911, when they heard clanging fire engines and excited shouting. Across the Square on Washington Place, smoke and flames were billowing from the top of a ten-story building. As she looked up, a screaming girl, hair and clothing ablaze, leaped from a ninth-floor window and plunged to her death on the pavement below.



Sweatshop workers, New York, 1911



forty-six young women had died.

For Francis, the sudden horror of that spring afternoon, standing helpless as she watched screaming girls leap to death, remained so vividly in her mind that even years later the memory of it "struck at the pit of my stomach."

Frances watched in shock as others, driven by the flames, leaped from the windows. There was not much anybody could do. Fire hoses couldn't pump water that high. Extension ladders were too short. Fire safety nets ripped apart as falling bodies struck them. Five alarms had been sounded in fifteen minutes, but even before the first engines arrived it was too late to prevent the tragedy. Fire and panic had already taken the lives of many trapped at the top of the supposedly fireproof building. The worst of the fire was over in half an hour, but bodies were still being removed at midnight. The fireproof building was little damaged. It still stood, structurally sound, but it had been no protection for the humans within it. One hundred and

Francis Perkins was the first female cabinet member in U.S. history and one of only two Roosevelt cabinet appointees to serve throughout his tenure, Perkins brought to the job an unwavering devotion to social reform.

"I came to Washington to work for God, FDR, and the millions of forgotten, plain common workingmen."

In 1934, while serving in the cabinet, she was made chairwoman of the



President's Committee on Economic Security. A report issued by that committee laid the basis for the Social Security Act. Although it was considered at the time to be a radical departure, the proposal was accepted with enthusiasm by Roosevelt. A petition in favor of the measure was signed by 20 million people. Her most important contribution as chairwoman resulted in the Social Security Act of 1935.

When the Fair Labor Standards Act passed in 1938, Perkins had managed to persuade Congress to eliminate "labor conditions detrimental to the maintenance of the minimum standards of living

necessary for health, efficiency and well-being of workers." The law also established a minimum wage. Perkins resigned from her position as Secretary of Labor in 1945 to head the U.S. delegation to the International Labor Organization conference, held in Paris. In 1946, President Harry S. Truman appointed Perkins to the U.S. Civil Service Commission, where she served until 1953. In the latter part of her life, Perkins continued her endeavors at Cornell University as a professor of industrial and labor relations. In 1965, she died at the age of 85 in New York, and was buried with her family ancestors in New Castle, Maine.



There was some confusion as to how she should be addressed. Several tried tentative salutations such as Miss Secretary or Mrs. Secretary. She said that "Miss Perkins" seemed good enough, but that if some other title had to be used, "people are accustomed to saying 'madame chairman' and 'madame president', so I suppose the most natural thing would be to call me 'Madame Secretary.'"

Frances Perkins

Sallie Holley and the Anti-Slavery Women

Before 1833 the anti-slavery movement in America was largely unorganised. In 1831 William Lloyd Garrison of Massachusetts founded the newspaper "The Liberator" and in the following year he set up the New England Anti-Slavery Society. In 1833 he joined with Arthur and Lewis Tappan of New York in forming the American Anti-Slavery Society. Based in New York City, it made rapid progress and within five years had 1350 local chapters and about 250,000 members. These years saw an enormous output of pamphlets, tracts, newspapers and abolition petitions. In 1839, however, the Society split. Garrison and his followers antagonized more moderate members by criticizing churches, opposing political action, denouncing the Constitution as supportive of slavery, and by urging that women hold office within the Society. When the World's Anti-Slavery Convention met in London June 12, 1840 it denied women their seats, it was Wendell Phillips who rose to defend their rights upon the floor of the convention. "Now Wendell," said his wife, Helen as they went in, laying her hand upon his shoulder like a knighting sword, "Now, Wendell, don't shilly-shally, but be brave as a lion"; and he was so, and those who would have shamed their sister were themselves made grievously ashamed.

Most of us can recall the women whose influence in the anti-slavery conflict was supreme: Lucretia Mott, Harriet Beecher Stowe, Lydia Maria Child, Lucy Stone, Susan B. Anthony and Elizabeth Cady Stanton. In the annals of Abolitionist and Suffragist, all these women seem to stand out. They were not alone in the efforts. Many other women took up the challenge to end slavery and fight for Women's rights. Each one of the following have a story to tell: Helen Benson Garrison, Sarah and Anna Benson, Abigail Folsom, Maria Weston Chapman, Abby Hutchinson, Abby Kelley, Mary Grew, Sarah Pugh, Margaret Burleigh, Sarah and Angelina Grimk'e, Caroline Putman and Sallie Holley, so which story to tell? It is one who took an honorable rank in this company of anti-slavery women. She was not one of the greatest of them, nor one of the least. She had her own place and work, and filled the one and did the other with a brave and earnest heart. I wish that I could draw upon all the rich memories of all that knew her for the story I have to tell, the story of Sallie Holley's useful and devoted life.



SALLIE HOLLEY, so she preferred to write her name was born in Canandaigua, New York, February 17, 1818.

She was the fifth child of her parents and her name was one doubly sacred to her father's heart, because it was at once of his high-souled mother and his beautiful wife. Sallie's birth was the first anniversary celebration of a day forever memorable in her father's life.

February 17, 1817, was the day on which he presented his first report as Canal Commissioner. When the work was completed in 1825 she had a lively sense that it was preeminently her father's work, and the booming of the cannon which signalled "the wedding of the waters" lingered pleasantly in her memory ever afterwards.

Sallie was interested in education and reading from a young age. In 1831 she attended boarding school in Lyons, NY where she attended her first anti-slavery lecture. The question of anti-slavery was already in her exposure, growing up Sallie was heavily influenced by the antislavery beliefs of her father, Myron Holley, who was also a strong advocate of religious liberalism. Primarily, he served as the orginial founder of the Liberty Party, which was the first political party to make anti-slavery a political issue. Sallie always attributed her anti-slavery values to his teachings. Myron was late to the game, so to speak. He did not become actively involved until the late 1830s. The Liberty Party wad the first US party with an organized abolitionist group at its core. Mr. Holley's efforts were short lived, he died, barely solvent in 1841.

The death of Myron Holley made the conduct of her own life a more serious question than it had been before. What should she do with herself; with her gifts, such as they were? The first possibility was teaching school in Rochester, in spite of the school-board's readiness to do anything for her that she might ask: she chose the humblest and the most arduous position -- a primary school consisting of some sixty little



Irish girls. But she felt that her preparation for such work was miserably inadequate. Meantime her brother and sister-in-law begged her to make her home with them, but such dependence was not to her mind. To "go as a nurse-girl to Cincinnati" seemed a preferable alternative. "No," said Frederick W. Holland, minister of the Rochester Unitarian Church; "go to Oberlin." Mr. Holland backed up his advice with a gift of forty dollars, and there was a scholarship established by her friend Mr. S. D. Porter, one of the Oberlin trustees. So she set out for Oberlin leaving all the pleasant people and the good times that could not be given up without a pang. Sallie Holley set out for Oberlin from her brother's house in Monroe, Michigan, in the depth of winter 1847. Taking the stage-sleigh for Cleveland, she made sure that her green barege veil hid a tear-stained face much of the way as she went doubtfully and yet resolvedly on a journey that was then a tedious one. Her brother had begged her not to expose herself to the insult sure to follow her going to the school that freely accepted students of color. It was, apparently, the fact that Oberlin opened its doors to women that attracted Sallie Holley, and not its anti-slavery character, though this was much in harmony with her Liberty party antecedents. Oberlin did much for Sallie Holley in many ways, but she had special courses, not published in the catalogue, that were of more importance than any of her regular studies. All the time she was breathing the air of anti-slavery reform, and as time went on she found herself upon a wave that carried her into the thick of the battle.

Oberlin College in Ohio was founded in 1833. From the outset it was a major focus of the abolitionist movement, especially after a group of about 50 students from Lane Theological Seminary joined it on condition that in future students would be accepted regardless of color.

In 1835 it began to admit African-American students and in 1837 it became one of the first colleges to admit women as undergraduates. It was later an active terminus for the 'underground railroad', the network of secret routes and safe houses by which slaves escaped from the southern states.

It was at Oberlin that Sallie met soon to be her life long companion, Caroline Putnam. Caroline writes, "But the momentous, the decisive convention of our lives, was in the summer (after the drive to Akron), at Litchfield, Ohio, twenty miles from Oberlin, a fanatical, heretical, infidel assembly gathered through the inspiration and welcome of Josephine Griffing, a wonderful women both in the Woman Suffrage movement and in the Freedman's Bureau, of which Garrison hailed her the true founder." "Among the speakers at this meeting was Abby Kelley Foster, who made an eloquent appeal in behalf of the slave-woman and asked: "'Who in this great assembly is willing to plead her cause?'

"At the close of her address, and in the recess of the meeting, Miss Holley advanced to say ' I will plead the cause of the slave-woman.'

Mrs Foster welcomed her with warmth and gratitude and begged Miss Holley to join her instantly in that Ohio campaign; to which Miss Holley replied, that she had another year to study at Oberlin to complete her course, but as soon as she should graduate she would join her. Mrs. Foster said, "I look upon you as a bundle of enthusiasms." From that day all her plans were made with reference to its fulfilment. 'Putty, (Sallie's nickname for Caroline Putnam) I've decided to be an anti-slavery lecturer!' As her last year in Oberlin drew to its close, Frederick Douglass wrote asking her to engage in behalf of his paper, the ***North Star***. She declined because of her promise to Abby Kelley, becoming faithful to the Anti-Slavery Society for a service of ten years. The first duty assigned to her was to join the Ohio campaign. Miss Putnam's account of the work and workers of those days is too good not to be recalled.

"It was in the days of outlawry for anti-slavery, and rarely could the meetings, as we travelled from place to place, find any church, hall or schoolhouse open to them. But some grove would serve, and in one instance a little shoemaker's shop, which was quite at our service, the man taking off his apron, shoving back his bench, and asking us in. Soon the people on the street, passing his door, stopped, to listen to the voice of the young lady pleading so earnestly for the slave-woman; her beautiful face full of warm human sympathy of her plea."



It is with great satisfaction that I find that Sallie Holley's letters speak for her. Here are just a few that antedate her connection with the Anti-Slavery Society, and as brief as they are in this issue, hopefully they will illustrate the spirit in which Sallie entered on a work that was to end only with her life:

Sallie Holley about 1852

ABINGTON, Aug. 26, 1852.

" You see how I flit from place to place. An antislavery lecturer's life has something apostolic in it, if it only be in going from town to town to preach the everlasting gospel. To-day I was entertaining myself making out a memorandum of all the places and times I had lectured. I made out one hundred and fifty-six times".

TO MISS PUTNAM.

* MELLICO HILL, N. J., Dec. 5th, 1852."

I have just returned from Woodston, a nine miles' ride from this place, where I had an overflowing house, great numbers having to stand. All listened with absorbed interest. I cannot but feel good was accomplished. The collection was \$12. 24.

LYONS, Jan. 12, 1854.

" The people have expressed themselves surprised and delighted with my lecture of Wednesday evening. An audience of nearly six hundred. As I usually do, I felt anxious before the lecture".

" This apprehensive state of mind which almost always attacks me just before the lecture, is a great plague, a devil that I long to cast out, but as yet have not the power. ' I believe it is one of the kind that goeth not out except by prayer and fasting.' To a person full of composure and Christian sympathy, the perplexity I suffer about accepting or declining the invitation to Albany would be astonishing. Last evening I was asked if I would actually associate with blacks. When I said that I had done it for years, the astonishment was extreme".

"Oh, this anti-slavery movement is revealing the spirit of Christianity with new power! "

Sallie Holley & Caroline Putnam The Holley School Lottsburg, Virginia

When the struggle to preserve the American Anti-Slavery Society was finally lost, in 1870, Sallie undertook the battle that would last until her death. Two years earlier, in 1868, her beloved Caroline had moved to Lottsburg, Virginia and started a school for the freed slaves in the area.

Sallie joined Caroline Putnam there in 1870, at the age of 52.

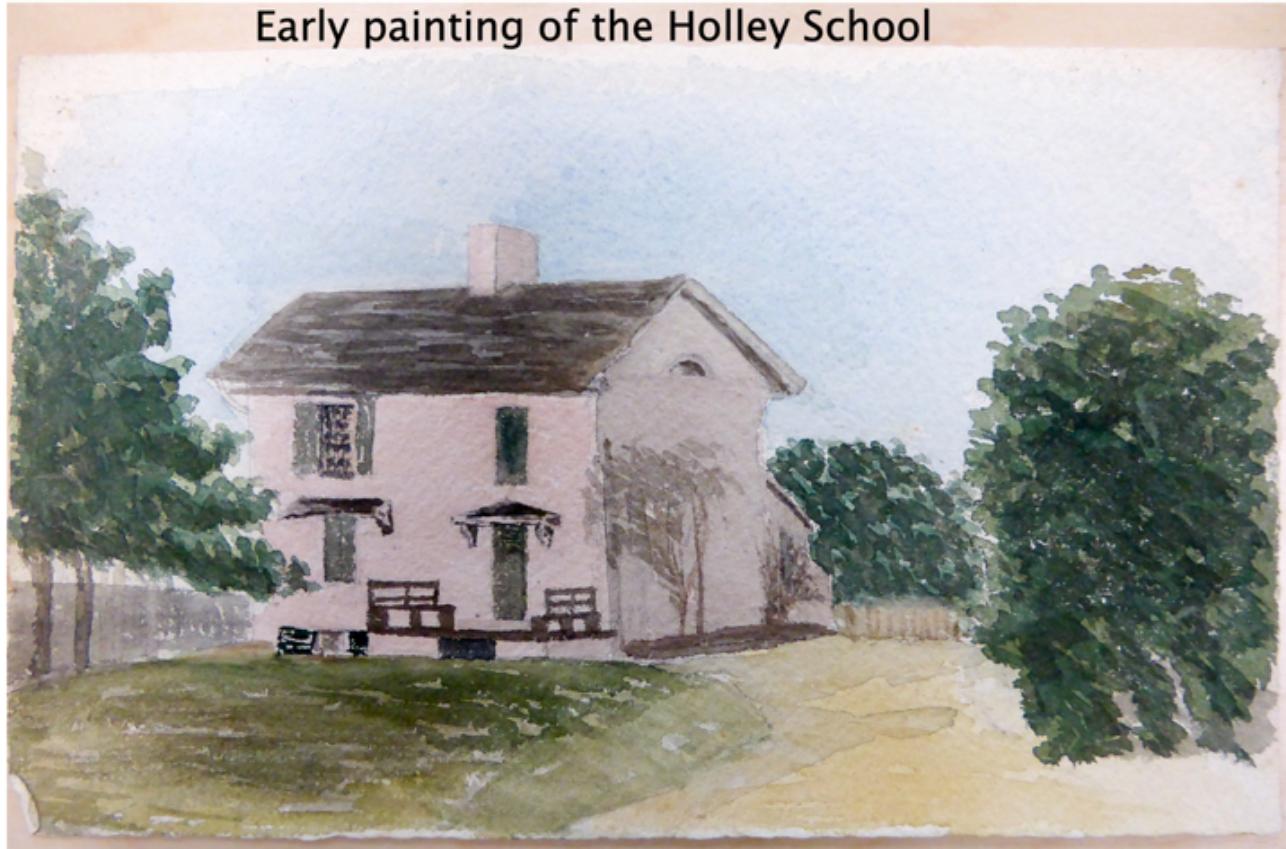
Through the coming decades they lived at the Holly School, as



Sallie Caroline

Caroline named it, leaving one at a time for an annual trip North to beg funds and supplies from friends and old movement comrades. They worked unrelentingly, growing much of their food in a massive garden and steadily improving the facilities for their students, and did so under a near-total boycott of any communication by their white neighbors.

Early painting of the Holley School



Sallie Holley's Obituary

Miss Sallie Holley, one of the foremost workers against slavery and a lifelong friend of the colored race, died at Miller's Hotel, 26th St, near 6th Avenue, last evening. She was the daughter of Myron Holley, who was well known as a reformer over 50 years ago and a prominent member of the Liberty Party.

Miss Holley soon after she left school began delivering anti-slavery lectures, and 20 years before the war of the rebellion she was prominently identified in the anti-slavery movement with William Lloyd Garrison, Wendell Phillips, and Ralph Waldo Emerson.

Miss Holley was born in Lyons, NY 76 years ago. She spent her early life in Rochester, and attended school in Oberlin, Ohio. She was graduated from Oberlin College in 1839. After leaving college, one of her associates was Miss Caroline Putnam another advocate of freedom for the negroes. They traveled together and made addresses in various parts of the country. Miss Holley continued in the work until the Civil War broke out.

After the war, Miss Holley went to West Virginia and taught a school for colored children in Lottsburg, Northumberland County. The schoolhouse was burned by indignant white citizens of the town. Miss Holley purchased a small tract of land, built another house, and continued to educate the poor colored children there until a few weeks ago.

A few days before Christmas Miss Holley came North. It was her custom to visit friends in this city once a year. On her last visit here it was noticed that her health was failing, and her friends warned her to take plenty of rest. She paid no attention, however, to their entreaties, but started Dante classes for Prof. Davidson of this city. After attending a lecture by Felix Adler she was taken ill, and last Sunday it was discovered that she was suffering from pneumonia. She sank rapidly and died last night, surrounded by only a few friends.

Mrs. E. P. Miller, an old friend of Miss Holley, was at her bedside during her last moments.

"She was one of the most indefatigable workers I ever met." Mrs. Miller said. "I met Miss Holley in Athol, Mass., in 1853, where she was delivering a series of lectures, and I know that she devoted her whole life to the interest of the colored people. She let nothing undone to alleviate the sufferings and attend to the wants of poor colored children, and I might say that she sacrificed her life in the completion of the task she set out to perform. I have colored children in my employ who were educated by Miss Holley, and they are a credit to her."

Dr. Frank Fuller, a friend of the dead woman, will have charge of the funeral arrangements. The body will be buried in the family vault at Mount Hope Cemetery, Rochester, NY. The remains of Miss Holley's father rest there, and the grave is marked by a handsome obelisk with a medallion portrait erected by one-cent contributions from members of the Liberty party.

Date: 13 Jan 1893

Place: New York, New York, New York

Description: The New York Times

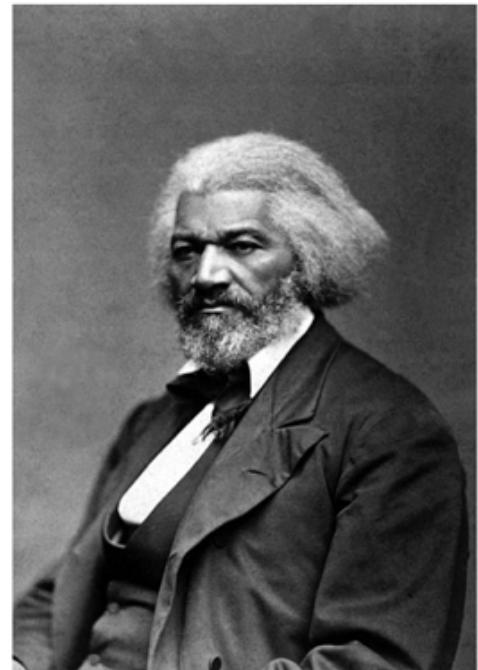


Epilogue

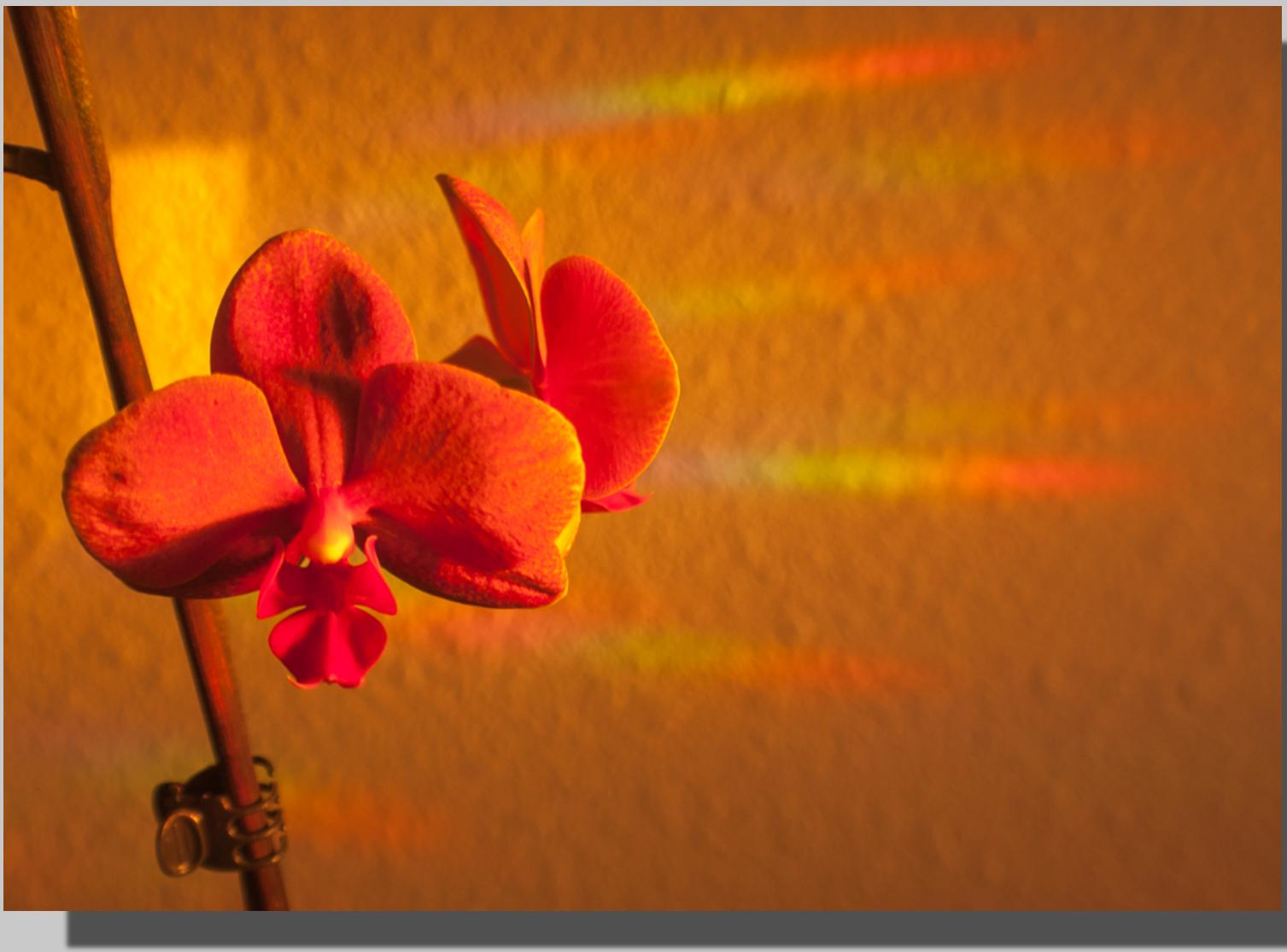
It was in Buffalo that Miss Holley enjoyed another experience of first rate importance. The story was told by Frederick Douglass, on the day of her burial in Rochester, at a Memorial Meeting of a Woman's Suffrage Convention meeting in Washington. Invited to speak by the president, Susan B. Anthony, Mr. Douglass said :

" An Anti-Slavery Convention was appointed to be held in Buffalo, New York, where Miss Holley then resided. [Was visiting her sister.] It was in the year 1843. The abolition question was then so unpopular that no church or public hall could be obtained in which to hold the meetings; so we went into an old deserted warehouse, without door or windows, and began with an audience of six or seven men who stood about the open front of the building".

"I continued for six days to speak in this place to an audience (which at last crowded the house) of the common people, who came in their common clothes. " On the third day of our motley meeting, made up entirely of men, I observed with some amazement, as well as pleasure, a stately young lady, elegantly dressed, come into the room, leading a beautiful little girl. The crowd was one that would naturally repel a refined and elegant young lady, but there was no shrinking on her part. The crowd did the shrinking. It drew in its sides and opened the way, as if fearful of soiling the elegant dress with the dirt of toil. This lady came daily to my meetings in that old deserted building, morning and afternoon, till they ended. The dark and rough background rendered her appearance like a messenger from heaven sent to cheer me in what then seemed to most men a case of utter despair. The lady was Miss Sallie Holley, and this story illustrates her noble, independent, and humane character. She was never ashamed of her cause nor her company".



FRESH FLOWERS



If anybody tries to prove sunthin' they want to, they can most always dig up sunthin' to prove it.

--Samantha Allen, fictional character by Marietta Holley

"I distrust those people who know so well what God wants them to do, because I notice it always coincides with their own desires."

– Susan B. Anthony –